The name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other Mistrust. 33

"He espied two Lions in the way."

the British Museum.

John Lane, of London and New York.

A SUMPTUOUS WORK SOON TO BE ISSUED WITH

THE LONG LOST POEMS OF SHELLEY

FOUND AT LAST.

(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)

HE long lost poems of Shelley, the most exquisite and spiritual poet who

Bysshe Shelley and Elizabeth Shelley)." The editor is Dr. Richard Garnett, of

known works. He took great pains to destroy every copy he could find, but

one was discovered by Dr. Garnett in 1860. It has remained unpublished since

then. All the poems are by Shelley, except five attributed to his sister. Sev-

eral are addressed to Harriet Grove, to whom he was engaged for a brief

are very poor, and give little promise of his later greatness. A few examples

The poems are interesting, because they are the work of Shelley. They

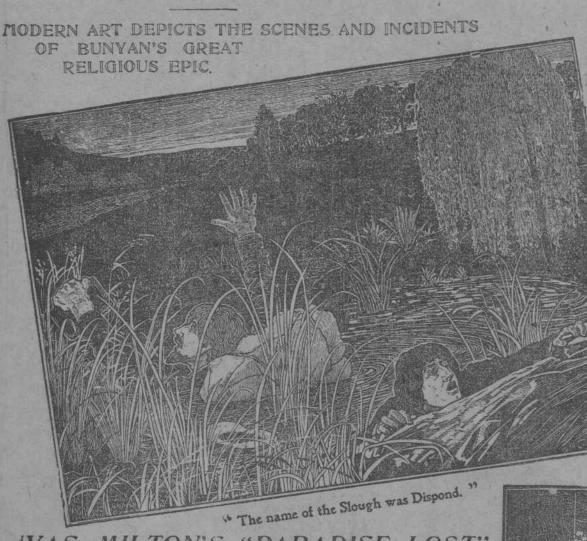
ever used the English language, have been found, and are published by

The volume is entitled "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire-(Percy

The volume was published in 1810, long before any of Shelley's hitherto

QUAINT DRAWINGS BY THE

BROTHERS RHEAD.



WAS MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST" PLAGIARIZED?

(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.) THE translation into English of the Dutch drama of "Lucifer," by Vondel, the greatest of Dutch poets, reveals a startling analogy to Milton's "Paradise Lost" and throws a strong suspicion of plagiarism on one of the greatest of English poets. Not only are many words and praises similar, but the whole plot and scheme of the poems are similar. The Dutch drama of "Lucifer" was published thirteen years before Milton put forth his "Paradise Lost," and it is known that Milton read Dutch and was familiar with Vondel's writings. The only possible inference is that Milton "borrowed" from the Dutch poet, and sought to justify himself for this very act when he wrote what has ever since been the plagiarists' apology, "To borrow and to better in the borrowing is no plagerie."

FTER two centuriessof praise as the greatest piece of creative imagination ever pro-

duced, Milton's "Paradise Lost" is shown not to be original. A translation of the great Dutch poet Vondel, by Leonard C. Van Nopen, shows in a most surprising way where the general scheme of Milton's masterpiece was borrowed from. Even that famous line, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," is but a paraphrase of the

in his drama of "Lucifer." "To be the first prince in some lower court Is better than within the blessed light To be the second."

Dutch poet's stirring lines,

Throughout the great epic of "Paradise Lost" similar parallelisms can be found almost without number. The Dutch poem of "Lucifer" was published thirteen years before "Paradise Lost." It is known that Milton could read Dutch and was familiar with Vondel's writings. A well-known quotation from Milton, "To borrow and to better in the borrowing is no pagerle," now appears to be his own lame excuse for pllfering from his Dutch neighbor poet.

Besides the similarity in words and phrases between many passages of "Paradise Lost" and Vondel's drama of "Luci-fer" there is a remarkable sameness of plot incident and character drawing. The fall of man furnishes the inspiration for

actly to Vondel's leading actor Lucifer. Satan, like Lucifer, is impressed with the beauty of Eve. Both are wounded by Michael, the grand marshal of Heaven's hosts, and both are hurled to eternal doom, where each becomes a horrible dragon.

In the drama of "Lucifer" occurs the same battle scene, with almost identical episodes, that form so important a feature of "Paradise Lost." In both poems the devils are most ingenious to "make the worse appear the better reason." Both also describe a hellish conclave or pandemonium where

the hero appears gigantic in his own infernal defiance. Both Lucifer and Satan burst into a grand soul-revealing soliloquy, ending with the words, "All hope is past." In each poem also the conquering hero is met upon his return with hosannahs of acclaim while there is a promise of the Paradise Regained. The Dutch themselves rank this subline creation of 'Lucifer' as the greatest drama and poem of their language. The author makes no argument to prove that Milton derived his ideas from it, but simply gives a list of parallelisms by which any one can satisfy himself on that subject. The volume is issued by the Continental Publishing Company, of New York.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM PARADISE LOST. AND LUCIFER.

Throws his steep flight in many an airy And wheels from sphere to sphere. -Act I., Hne 13.

-Book III., line 741. II. II. With fresh alacrity and force renewed "He seems to them

Springs upward like a pyramid of fire.
-Book II., lines 1,012-1,013. No more an angel but a flying fire." III.

From off the boughs each morn We brush mellifluous dews and find the

Covered with pearly grain,
-Book V., lines 428-431, IV.

I chanced 2 goodly tree for distant to behold Laden with fruit of fairest colors mixed Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze When from the boughs a savory odor

Grateful to appetite. Book IX., lines 577-580.

Down he descended straight; the speed of gods Time counts not, though with swiftest minute wings.

-Book X., lines 39 and 90. VI. That mountain, as his garden mould high raised,

Upon the rapid current which through veins Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn, Rose a fresh fountain and with many a Watered the garden,

-Book IV. lines 226-230.

"Afar I saw a lofty mount emerge From which a waterfall-fount of four Dashed with a roar into the vale be-Act I. line &

He would also walk solitarily in the Fields, ?

-Act I., line 22.

-Act I., line 35.

Act L. Hne 36.

III.

I see the golden leaves all laden with

Ethereal pearls-the sparkling silvery

IV.

What sweet perfume exhale those radi-

Of tint unfading. How alluring glows

That pleasant fruit with crimson and

Downward sweeping through nine

That swift as arrows round their cen-

The wheel of sense revolves within our

Not with such speed as I beneath the

moon and clouds dropped down."

ant leaves

spheres I sank,

tre whirl.

thoughts;

Through dark and desert ways with perli

All night; at last by break of cheerful Obtains the brow of some high-climbing

Which to his eye discovers unaware The goodly prospect of some foreign land. -Book MI., lines 542-543.

A broad and ample road whose Gost is And pavement stars as stales to thee

appear, Seen in the galaxy that milky war. Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest Powdered with stars. -Book VII., lines 577-520

IX. Then herbs of every leaf that gudden flowers Opening their various colors and made Her bosom smelling sweet.
-Book VII., lines 316-219.

LUCIFER.

Headlong I steered my course oblique, Descent, until I gained the mountain

brow. Whence, resting, all the nether world I viewed;

Its happy fields and glowing opulence. Act I., lines G#-60.

VIII. And bright as Heaven glows with gilttering stars, So here Dame Nature sowed her constellations Of stones that pale our stars,

Here dazzle veins of gold. * * -Act I., line 78. IX. There swells the bosom of the fertile

And odors manifold, which nightly dews -Act I., line SS.

With herb and hue and bird and branch

and bloom,

PARADISE LOST.

Z. On herb, tree, fruit and flower Glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile

Lightly dispersed and the shrill matin

Those warbling bowers replete with In many tongues, while zephyrs rustle through

sylvan banks A murmurous harmony -Act L, line 115.

brow:

Them that are with him shoot Arrows at those that come up

howling,

finest edition of this great classic ever is great a success? It was one of the most accompanied by crude wood cuts. The ground books ever written penned by its progress of Christian from this great is the sneer from the friend and triumphant returned from the cinnger special control of this great classic ever written penned by its progress of Christian from this great classic ever is the sneer from the friend and triumphant returned from the cinnger special control of this great classic ever written penned by its progress of Christian from the friend and triumphant returned from the cinnger special classic ever written penned by its progress of Christian from the friend and triumphant returned from the cinnger special classic ever written penned by its progress of Christian from the cinned and the cinned

have moved thee, Which, mixed with grouns, angulah and in ecstatic confusion the warrior shall sip. wild madness, flow---

Full long the victim contended with fate, And mutual, eternal, embraces shall prove "Till a destitute outcast abandoned to sor- The rewards of the brave are the trans-

She sought her babe's food at her ru'n. October, 1800. trayer,

He turned, laughing, aside from her monns and her prayer. She said nothing, but, wringing the wet from her hair,

hour it was late. Twas on the wild height of the dark Penmanmawr

Crossed the dark mountain side, the' the

That the form of the wasted - re-She shricked to the ravens that croaked from afar,

And she signed to the gusts of the wild sweeping wind: 'I call not you rocks where the thunder peals rattle,

"I call not you clouds where the elements "But thee, cruel -, I call thee unkind."

Then she wreathed in her hair the wild flowers of the mountain, And deliriously laughing, a garland en-

twined. She bedewed it with tears, then she hung o'er the fountain, And leaving it, east it a pray to the

wind. "Ah, go," she exclaimed, "when the tem-

"Tis unkind to be cast on the sea that " "But I left, a pitiless outcast, my fivel!

"My garments are torn; so, they say, 'a my mind"-

Not long lived -, but over her grave Waved the desolate form of a stormblasted yew, Around it no demon or ghost daied 19

But spirits of peace steep her slumbers in dew.

Then stay thy swift steps 'mid the dark mountain heather, Tho' chill blow the wind and severe is the

For perfldy, traveller, cannot bereave her Of the tears to the tombs of the inno-

SONG

Translated from the German.

Ah! grasp the dire dagger and couch the fell spear, If vengeance and death to the bosom be The dastard shall perish, death's torment shall prove.

For fate and revenge are decreed from

Cold, cold is the blast when December is With insulate desire whose bosom shall

Cold are the damps on a dying man's Swen. To give up the oppressor to judgment and

And sad is the grave where a loved one For him shall the fair one twine chaplets

The kisses that glow on his love's dewy

SONG.

Flerce rours the mightlest storm O'er the wild mountain, Dark clouds the night deform, Swift rolls the fountain.

Dim mists are flying-See by the moon's pale light, Poor Laura's dying!

Shame and remorse shall how! By her false pillow-Flercer than storms that roll

O'er the white billow. No hand her eyes to close

But she will find repose, For Laura's dying!

Then will I seek my love, Then will I cheer her. Then my esteem will prove,

On her grave I will lie, When life is parted; On her grave I will die For the fulse-hearted

THE NEW END-OF-THE-CENTURY "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS." Three Songs from the Long Lost Ah! where is the here, whose nerves strung by youth. NEW EDITION of "The second appeared in 1678, since which time temptation all around. Its allegorical char-Pilgrim's Progress" is an- it has been translated into every known acter runs back to the New Testament, nounced by the Century language; it has even been parodled, and whose chief figure loved "to teach in par-Company for publication it has been imitated endlessly. Written by ables," for Bunyan was so full of the Stern are the seas when the wild waves

So, when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull.

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readers a few of the hundreds of inastra- among the poorest and most ignorant.

homely phraseology easily made it capable tions which go to make this probably the What made "The Pilgrim's Progress" so of illustration, and many early editions are

ers-Louis, George Woolliscroft and Fred-tions and the vividness of his visions. Some with terrible adventures, yet the simplest erick Rhead-eminent artists well known critics have tried to trace Bunyan's inspir- soul finds more than fiction here; it is the especially for the artistic "posters" which atton to Chaucer and other earlier writers story of every carnest Christian trying to have come from their pencils. They have —but, as a matter of fact, only a single escape the "slough of despend," the evil lived themselves into the spirit of Bun- book inspired him and that was the Bible, companions, Obstinate, Pliable and all yan's great allegory, giving artistic express which was the constant companion of the their company, fleeing from the City of Full long the victim contended with fate, sion to the word-paintings of that supreme Purltans,
dreamer of Christian phantasies. No book Begun while its writer lay in Bedford "The Pilgrim's Progress" now finds its In any language has passed through so Jall for refusing to stop preaching. Bun-many editions as "The Pigrim's Progress" yan's great work was filled with the (except the Bible). But one copy of the dreams and terrors of an over-sensitive forthcoming edition, where a high type of first edition has ever been discovered, the conscience, which has felt the demons of text.

She sought her babe's food at her ru'n-forthcoming edition, where a high type of art lends itself toward supplementing the first edition has ever been discovered, the conscience, which has felt the demons of text.

PARADISE LOST.

As when a scout

November 15. The Sunday an illiterate dissenting tinker-preacher, it Bible that he was called "a walking Bib-Journal is permitted by the has forced its way into the best literary lical concordance. publishers to present to its company, although it was first popular. The vividness and picturesqueness of its

lnest edition of this great classic ever is great a success? It was one of the most accompanied by the success? It was one of the most accompanied by the success. It was one of the most accompanied by the success at the success? It was one of the most accompanied by the success at the success. It was one of the most accompanied by the success at the

Book IV., lines 646. The only sound Of lenves and fuming rills Aurora's fan

Of birds on every bough. -Book V., lines 5-9.

LUCIFER.

The leaves, and brooks purl neath their

pest is welling.

December, 1809.